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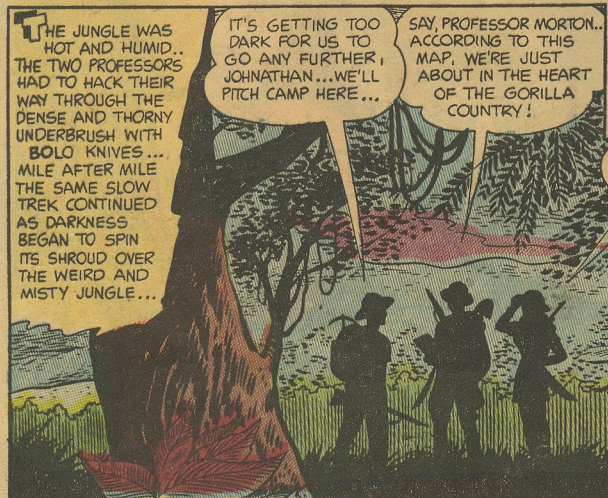
"KILLER'S ARMS"
"EVERYONE OF US HAS DREAMT A NIGHTMARE AT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER...AND IF WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH...WE AWAKEN TO FIND THAT WE HAVE ESCAPED THE HORROR OF OUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND! YOUNG PROFESSOR JOHNATHAN CLARK HAD A NIGHTMARE ONCE...FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!!
LOOK!...LOOK! JOHNATHAN...WE HAVE IT! AT LAST WE'VE DISCOVERED IT! WE CAN ACTUALLY GRAFT ARMS AND LEGS!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES, PROFESSOR MORTON! NOW WE CAN GO ON TO THE SUPREME EXPERIMENT...WE CAN GRAFT YOU A NEW ARM!
WINIK + OSRIN
WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT, FATHER! I WON'T LET YOU GO THROUGH WITH IT!
THAT IS NOT FOR YOU TO SAY, ANNE... START PACKING! WE'RE ALL LEAVING TONIGHT FOR AFRICA...TO TRAP OURSELVES A GORILLA!
ANNE, PLEASE DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT THE EXPERIMENT... YOUR FATHER AND I KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING!
BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO FIENDISH...GRAFTING THE ARM OF AN ANIMAL TO A HUMAN!

A FEW HOURS AFTER ARRIVING AT AN AIRPORT SOMEWHERE NEAR THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLES OF AFRICA...OUR TRIO PREPARED TO TAKE OFF ON THEIR SECRET SAFARI...

IT'S INHUMAN, I TELL YOU... LET'S TURN BACK!

ANNE, YOU'RE TAKING A VERY UNSCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE! THINK OF WHAT IT WILL MEAN TO YOUR FATHER TO HAVE TWO ARMS AGAIN! THINK OF THE GOOD IT CAN DO FOR MILLIONS OF OTHERS!

JOHNATHAN...PLEASE PROMISE ME ONE THING...THAT THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST EXPERIMENT...AND THAT WE GET MARRIED WHEN WE GET BACK TO AMERICA!

OH, THAT WAS MY PLAN! AFTER WE'RE FINISHED WITH OUR WORK HERE I INTEND TO RETIRE AND WRITE A BOOK!

THE JUNGLE WAS HOT AND HUMID.. THE TWO PROFESSORS HAD TO HACK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DENSE AND THORNY UNDERBRUSH WITH BOLO KNIVES... MILE AFTER MILE THE SAME SLOW TREK CONTINUED AS DARKNESS BEGAN TO SPIN ITS SHROUD OVER THE WEIRD AND MISTY JUNGLE...

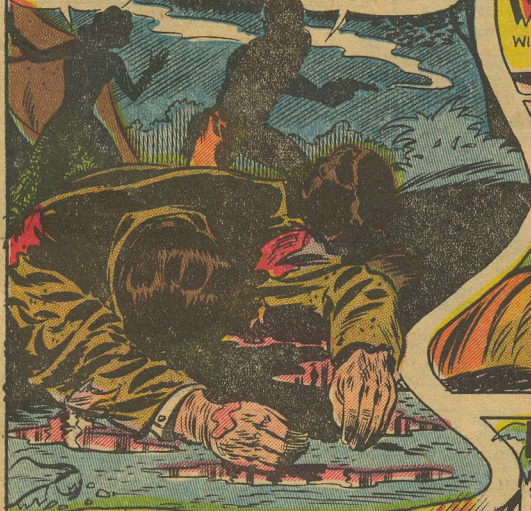
IT'S GETTING TOO DARK FOR US TO GO ANY FURTHER, JOHNATHAN...WE'LL PITCH CAMP HERE...

SAY, PROFESSOR MORTON.. ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, WE'RE JUST ABOUT IN THE HEART OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY!

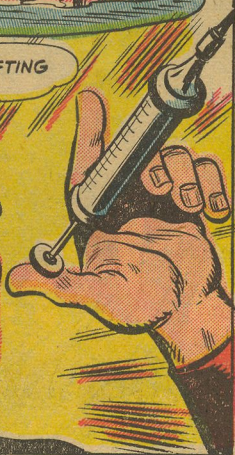
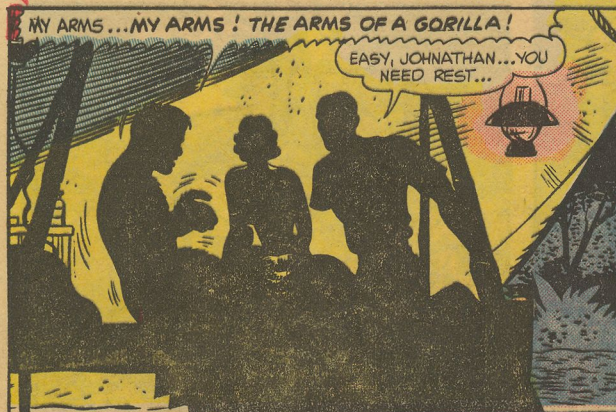
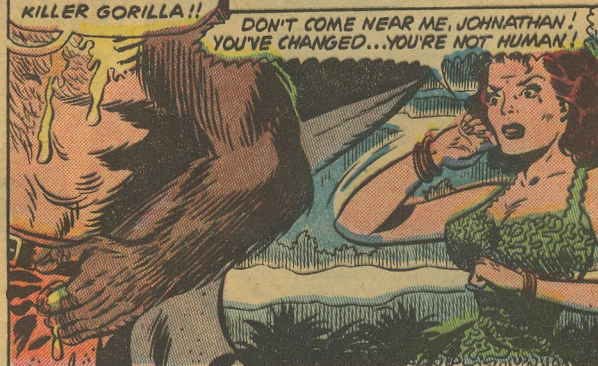
WHEW! I'M ALL IN...

THROUGH THE MUGGY JUNGLE MIST, THE MAN-KILLER REARS HIS VICIOUS HEAD...

...AND SLOWLY MOVES HIS HULKING BODY TOWARDS THE CAMP!

AY-E-E!
AR-UCH!
ARUGH
BAM
BAM
BAM
OH, FATHER... HOW HORRIBLE! HIS ARMS...
WE MUST ACT FAST! JOHNATHAN IS LOSING BLOOD... GET MY OPERATING EQUIPMENT!
WITH HIS ONE SKILLFUL ARM AND THE ABLE AID OF HIS DAUGHTER, PROFESSOR MORTON PROCEEDS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED TO RESTORE A NEW PAIR OF ARMS FOR HIS ILL-FATED COLLEGUE!
...STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY... I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO UNDERGO THIS OPERATION!
ANNE... PASS ME THE GRAFTING SERUM...
HOURS PASSED... PROFESSOR MORTON AND HIS DAUGHTER HAD BEEN KEEPING A CONSTANT VIGIL INTO THE EARLY MORNING...
HE'S COMING TO...
GROAN...

MY ARMS ... MY ARMS ! THE ARMS OF A GORILLA !
EASY, JOHNATHAN ... YOU NEED REST ...

JOHNATHAN ! JOHNATHAN .. WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
THESE ARMS ! I- I CAN'T CONTROL THEM ... THEY'RE REACHING OUT !
HOW HOR-RIBLE !
GRAFTING SERUM

WACK !
WACK

I'M SORRY, ANNE ... I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT! IT'S THESE ARMS!.. THE ARMS OF THAT KILLER GORILLA !!
DON'T COME NEAR ME, JOHNATHAN ! YOU'VE CHANGED ... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN !

THE GRAFTING SERUM ... IT SPLASHED INTO YOUR FACE ... IT ... IT LOOKS LIKE THE FACE OF ... THAT GORILLA !
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY DEAREST ... REMEMBER WHAT OUR PLANS WERE AFTER OUR WORK WAS FINISHED HERE ...

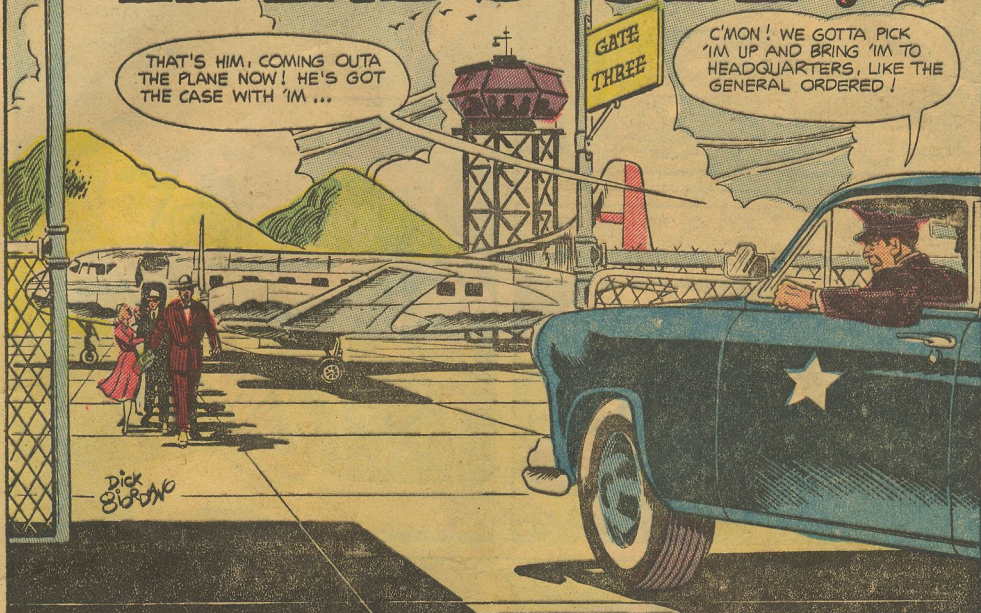
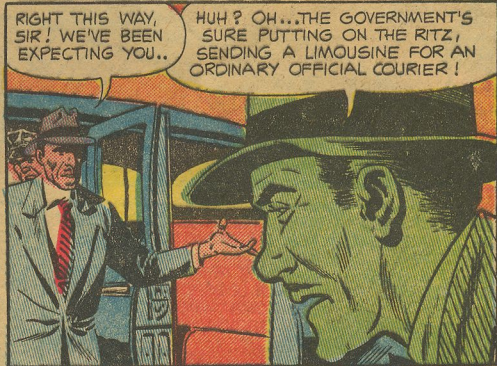
... YOU AND I WERE TO GET MARRIED ... AND I WOULD RETIRE ... AR-RU-GHH !
THE END

THE SPECIAL GOVERNMENT COURIER WAS ON AN URGENT TOP-SECRET MISSION---ALL HE KNEW ABOUT THE DISPATCH CASE CHAINED TO HIS WRIST WAS THAT IT WAS MARKED...

HANDS OFF!

THAT'S HIM, COMING OUTA THE PLANE NOW! HE'S GOT THE CASE WITH 'IM...

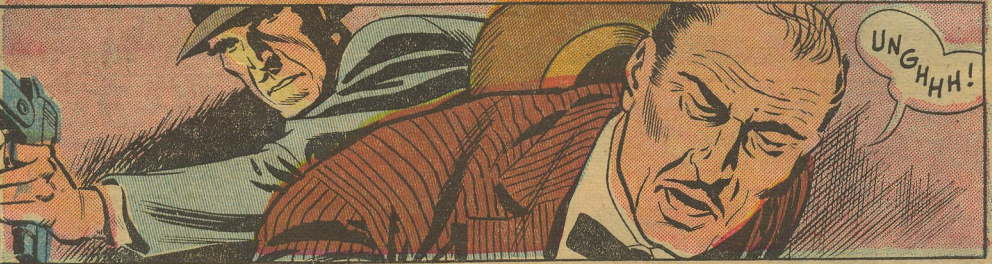
GATE THREE

C'MON! WE GOTTA PICK 'IM UP AND BRING 'IM TO HEADQUARTERS, LIKE THE GENERAL ORDERED!

DICK GIORDANO

THE COURIER CLAMBERED INTO THE BIG CAR, THE MOTOR THUNDERED AND THE VEHICLE ROARED AWAY FROM THE AIRPORT...

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES THE LIMOUSINE RUMBLED THROUGH THE DARKENING STREETS. THEN...
B-BE CAREFUL... UGHH! S-SAY... THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO...
IT'S WHERE WE WANNA GO, MISTER!
SCREEECH!

W-WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT..?
GET OUTA THE CAR, BUSTER... AND DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE ABOUT IT! YOU PLAY BALL WITH US AND THIS CANNON I'M AIMING AT YOU WON'T GO OFF!

HURRY UP, WITH THAT DISPATCH CASE, WILL YOU? WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT...
NONE OF THE KEYS SEEM TO FIT THE LOCK? BUT I GOT ANOTHER IDEA...

UNGHHH!

HE'S OUT COLD AS AN ICE CUBE! GET THAT DISPATCH CASE OPENED, WILL YOU!
WE'LL OPEN IT LATER... RIGHT NOW I'M TRYING TO PRY THIS CHAIN OFF HIS WRIST!! BAHHH! NONE OF THE KEYS FIT THIS LOCK, EITHER! BUT I GOT SOMETHING IN THE CAR THAT'LL WORK!

HURRY UP... THE GENERAL'S GONNA BE FURIOUS! WE GOTTA DELIVER THIS DIS-PATCH CASE TONIGHT!
THIS DOODAD'LL SEPARATE THE CASE FROM THE JOKER'S WRIST!
2

A...A HATCHET! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WITH THAT?
COMPLETE OUR MISSION FOR THE GENERAL...GET THAT DISPATCH CASE!

AND THIS'LL DO IT!

THE DISPATCH CASE'S LOOSE...
C'MON...LET'S GET OUTA HERE AND DELIVER IT TO THE GENERAL! I-IF THIS GUY BLEEDS TO DEATH...AND THEY FIND US HERE...IT MEANS A MURDER RAP!

ROARRRRRR!

ACROSS THE CITY THE LIMOUSINE ROARED, TO A NON-DESCRIPT HOUSE ON AN OBSCURE STREET. THERE...
WE GOT IT, GENERAL! HAD TO BUTCHER THAT CRUMBY COURIER TO SLIDE IT LOOSE...BUT HERE IT IS!
AHHH! GET TO WORK OPENING THE CASE IMMEDIATELY!

DELIVERY OF THE MINIATURE A-BOMB LOCKED IN THAT CASE WILL MEAN A MARSHAL'S BATON FOR ME...AND RICHES FOR THE REST OF YOU! THE FOOL AMERICANS CAN'T KEEP A SECRET FROM OUR FATHERLAND!
IT...UGH...IT'S STARTING TO LOOSEN UP! CLEVER LOCK!.. UGH...BUT IT'S ALMOST BUSTED!

A MOMENT LATER THE LOCK IS SHATTERED, THE LID OF THE DISPATCH CASE PRIED OPEN, AND...
BAROOOM!

IN THE RUINED, SMOKE-FILLED ROOM THERE WAS DEATHLY SILENCE. AT THE SAME TIME...
HEY...LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY SPRAWLED THERE ON THE GROUND! EITHER A DRUNK, OR...OR...
POLICE

...THEN THEY SLUGGED ME AND I WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT! THE DISPATCH CASE...I-I GUESS IT'S GONE!
HIS CREDENTIALS'RE IN ORDER, SARGE...HE'S A GOV'MENT COURIER, ALL RIGHT! WE...WE BETTER CALL THE F.B.I. RIGHT AWAY!

NO NEED TO DO THAT, OFFICERS! WHEN THEY FINALLY MANAGE TO OPEN THAT TOP-SECRET CASE THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR...RIGHT IN THEIR FACES! THE SPECIAL LOCK WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
YOU...YOU EXPECTED THEM TO STEAL THE CASE!

THAT WAS THE PLAN...AND THEY FELL FOR IT! THE BOMB INSIDE THE CASE, BY THE WAY, IS AN ORDINARY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE...NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT DEADLY RADIATION! OH.. CAN I PLEASE HAVE MY HAND BACK? IT'S RIGHT THERE ON THE GROUND...

Y-YOUR HAND? THEY...THEY CUT IT OFF..?
RUINED IT, IF YOU ASK ME! IT'S BECOMING AN AWFUL NUISANCE HAVING TO REPLACE THIS ARTIFICIAL LIMB EVERY TIME I GO ON A SECRET MISSION!
THE END

DEAR READERS---THANKS FOR THE WAVE OF ANSWERS YOU SENT TO HELP END OUR 4-PAGE SEA QUIZ, THE KILL!, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF "STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES." THE BEST ONE, WE THOUGHT, WAS SENT IN BY MALCOLM HUTCHER, OF PINE CREST, NORTH CAROLINA. YOUR $10 PRIZE IS ON ITS WAY, MALCOLM!
MALCOLM HUTCHER'S SOLUTION TO...
THE KILL!!
D-DON'T... YOU'RE STRANGLING ME... P-PLEASE! WE... MAKE DEAL... ARGHHHHH!
ONLY ONE OF US IS GONNA SMUGGLE THOSE STOLEN DIAMONDS INTO PORT, VAUGHN... ME!
GIORDANO TIASCIK
ABOARD THE STEAMSHIP DOLFIN, NEARING ITS TROPIC ISLAND PORT, CALVIN BROCK CLOSED IN ON THE STOLEN DIAMONDS SPENCER VAUGHN PLANNED TO SMUGGLE PAST THE CUSTOM INSPECTORS! FOR CALVIN BROCK, THOSE DIAMONDS WERE A PRELUDE TO... THE KILL!

MUST BE A HUNDRED GRAND WORTH OF ICE HERE! NOW TO GET TO THE REAR OF THE SHIP... AND GO OVERBOARD! SWIMMING TO SHORE, I'LL EVADE THE CUSTOM INSPECTORS! THIS PLAN OF MINE CAN'T MISS!

THIS STATEROOM OF THE LATE MR. VAUGHN'S IS AT THE FRONT OF THE SHIP... BY USING THE DELIVERY CORRIDOR I WON'T BE SPOTTED GETTING TO THE REAR OF THE... WHAT'S T-THAT? S-SOMEONE BANGING ON THE DOOR!
RAP! RAP! RAP!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS PORTHOLE, I'D BE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH A CORPSE! A SURE MURDER CHARGE... BUT I'M GONNA BEAT IT! A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLANS... I GO INTO THE DRINK RIGHT HERE!

SO LONG, SPENCER VAUGHN... SO LONG S.S. DOLFIN! SHIP'S ALMOST PAST ME ANYWAY! ONLY ONE MORE THING TO WORRY ABOUT!

T-THAT SHADOW NEAR THE REAR OF THE SHIP... JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! LUCKY I STUDIED THIS SET-UP...PREPARED MYSELF FOR EVERYTHING I MIGHT MEET IN TROPIC WATERS!

T-THIS SPRAY...GUARANTEED TO DISCOURAGE THE ONE THING THAT STANDS BETWEEN ME AND SUCCESS! GUARANTEED TO DRIVE AWAY SHARKS!

IT...IT ISN'T A SHARK! IT'S ...OH NO! G-GOOD LORD! SUCKING ME RIGHT TOWARD IT ...I-I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

IT'S P-PULLING ME TOWARD IT LIKE A GIGANTIC MAGNET! THE SHIP'S PROPELLOR...THOSE RAZOR SHARP BLADES...!

C-CAN'T SWIM FREE...THOSE BLADES WORK LIKE A WHIRLPOOL, SUCKING ME RIGHT INTO THEM! ...HELP...
HELPPP!
AIEEEE!

A MOMENT LATER, AS THE STEAMSHIP DOLFIN STEAMED INTO THE TROPIC HARBOR, THERE WAS GROTESQUE EVIDENCE OF CALVIN BROCK'S INGENIOUS PLAN FOR THE KILL!
The End

LOVELIER HAIR IN 7 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Give Yourself This Treatment Just Once

That's All We Ask—Just One Trial—You Will Marvel At The Results. You Will Be Absolutely Amazed Or It Doesn't Cost You One Penny. Your Fine Care With Latest JUELENE Formulas May Be The Answer To Your Hair And Scalp Problem.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE

While there is something new under the sun almost every day, Beauticians, Expert Hairdressers and Dermatologists are all familiar with the use of LANOLIN. In recent years, it has been believed that CHOLESTEROL is the active ingredient of LANOLIN. CHOLESTEROL is an ingredient found in all vegetables, in all animals, and in our own bodies. It is now possible for chemists to produce a synthetic CHOLESTEROL, which makes it possible to use CHOLESTEROL in this Special Hair and Scalp System. Your hair grows from the follicles located in the tissues of your scalp. The condition of your hair depends upon the normal health of your scalp. The LANOLIN Cream Shampoo which you receive with this treatment is to be used as a Shampoo to cleanse the hair and scalp of dust, dried perspiration, grime, etc.

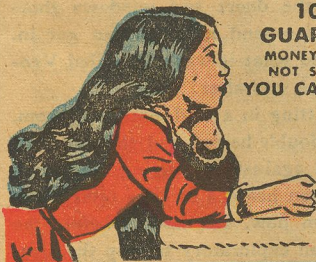
YOU GET EVERYTHING, the JAR of JUELENE SYSTEM (SCALP and HAIR LUBRICANT), the LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO, the DH-12 FORMULA containing CHOLESTEROL, PLUS the SPECIAL LANOLIN COMPOUND, ALL A REAL BARGAIN AT $4.60 BUT all YOU PAY is ONLY $2.98, plus postage, FOR EVERYTHING. FOLLOW the JUELENE SYSTEM DIRECTIONS you receive with your package OF THESE 4 FORMULAS, and YOU WILL BLESS THE DAY YOU BEGAN and TRIED THIS PROPER WAY.

Fine special daily Juelene System care helps PREVENT, DANDRUFFY DULL, DRY, BRITTLE ITCHY SCALP, BURNT HAIR.

through lubrication, massage & stimulation,

Being a woman, your hair is in need of either waving, marcelling or pin-curling regularly. Be certain to give your hair and scalp fine special care and to use the special LANOLIN Formula which you get with everything to pin-curl, wave, set your hair. This Formula melts easily, waterproofs the hair, and at the same time helps to hold a setting on styling longer. By resisting perspiration, it not only keeps your hair looking lovelier, more lustrous, but helps to prevent dry, cracking, dandruffy, dull hair conditions.

SEND NO MONEY MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW
EVERY CENT BACK IF NOT THE BEST YOU EVER USED.

YOU GET FULL DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO USE EVERYTHING, PLUS A REGULAR $2. LESSON ON HOW TO PIN CURL OVER-NITE, WAVE AND STYLE YOUR HAIR BY JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST.

100% GUARANTEE
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED!
YOU CAN'T LOSE!

SPECIAL 3 MONTH SIZE TREATMENT

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EXPLORER'S RETURN

AS KENT MORGAN sat comfortably in the mahogany-panelled front hall of the Explorer's Club, the smoke of his good cigar wreathed gracefully above his silvered head. It was a bitter night out—sleet hurled itself angrily and incessantly against the weathered granite walls of the club. But inside, all was peaceful, even drowsy! There was no one else in the shadowy old parlor except Ventura, the attendant, who was dusting the marble mantelpiece at one end.

Closing his eyes in contentment, Morgan slumped back in the overstuffed chair. Then it was that the front knocker sounded! Imperatively, it beat against the oaken door! Again and again it knocked, its muffled thump almost drowned out by the rising storm outside. Old Ventura hurried to the door. As he drew it open, a blast of sleet hurtled into the front hall, and with it came a man, carrying a heavy valise, which he set down.

In amazement, Kent Morgan rose from his chair. He hurried toward the newcomer, hands outstretched in welcome. "Mark! Mark Pennell!" he exclaimed excitedly. "You're back—after six months! How are you . . . and how was your trip?"

Pennell struggled out of his overcoat. He turned his face toward Kent Morgan, and the older man was shocked to see his staring eyes, and the deep lines of anxiety that had burned themselves into his countenance. "How am I?" he repeated. "I'll tell you—over a dinner table. But first let's—" Suddenly, he whirled about. "My valise!" he stammered in alarm. "Where is it?"

Kent Morgan turned toward the broad, winding staircase that led to the rooms on the second floor. "Why, Ventura must have taken it up to your room, as soon as you put it down. Is there anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" The younger man seemed transformed, his face suddenly ashen beneath its tropical bronze. "We must not leave him alone with it! Quick! After him . . ."

Together, they hurried across the room and up the heavily carpeted staircase. But, even as they rounded the first turn, they heard a terrible shriek from the floor above. It was a cry of desperate horror, a human's plea for life and it ended in a choking, gurgling animal-like groan! Springing down the hallway, Morgan and Mark Pennell were brought up short as they were confronted by a hideous sight—the sight of the old attendant's body, lying sprawled and twisted before them!

"Ventura!" breathed Kent. "And look, Mark. Your valise is beside him! It's open . . . and empty!" Quickly, he dropped to one knee beside the attendant. Examining him, he noted the man's staring, bulging eyes, the twisted, mauled throat and the expression of sheer, agonizing terror on his face!

Slowly, heavily, Morgan stood up. "Must have been a thief," he muttered. "And a terribly powerful one, to have slain him like that! Evidently he escaped through that open window at the end of the hall with whatever was in your valise."

But Mark Pennell shook his head. "No," he breathed, lips trembling. "It was no thief—at least no human thief!"

Kent Morgan caught the young, bronzed explorer's arm. "What do you mean, man? What could it have been, if not a human?"

Pennell rocked for a moment, striving to gain control of himself. Then his jaw set and he faced his friend squarely. "Come into my room, Kent," he began. "We'll search it throughout, and then lock the doors and windows thoroughly, so no one—and nothing—can get in. Then I'll tell you what it was that killed Ventura, and what he was after!"

That night, sitting in a cold, darkened room, with the door double-barred and the windows securely locked against the raging sleet outside, Kent Morgan heard a strange tale! Mark Pennell told him how, six months before, he had set out on an exploratory trip up the Uraqua, one of the tributaries of the Amazon. High

in the mountainous jungle country of Brazil, he had come upon a crumbled temple. And in that temple, on a massive altar, squatted an idol . . .

"When I saw that idol, I knew I had to bring it back," Pennell whispered. "It had a strange kind of fascination for me. It was carved out of black, igneous rock, had jeweled eyes and a snakelike form, all coiled up! I'd never seen anything like it before, but I soon found out from the Indians that it was Raka, the Boa Constrictor God. They were afraid of it . . . terribly afraid. That was why no one had ever disturbed it, for all the centuries it had lain in that ruined temple."

Pennell leaned forward and continued his story. He told of how his Indian guides had deserted him. They had claimed that the boa constrictors would follow him through the jungle to recover their idol, and to wreak vengeance on him. He had laughed . . .

And now he laughed again, a horrible, cackling, mirthless laugh that was awful to hear.

"They *did* follow me, I tell you! All the way through the jungle, and on my ship! Three times, I barely escaped with my life and with that idol. Now, at last, they've got it back, and they've killed Ventura. But they won't be satisfied. They'll keep after me, until they get me too!"

Morgan put his hand on Pennell's shoulder. "Listen, Mark!" he husked. "You must be feverish . . . out of your mind! Things like this just don't happen!"

"No? Did you see Ventura? The same thing will happen to me!"

"All right," Kent Morgan said grimly, "I'll stay with you tonight, in this room. Tomorrow we'll go to the police and tell them the whole story. Now lie down on that bed, and try to get some rest! You're in bad shape, man!"

Sitting there in the darkened room, in a giant armchair, Morgan felt the comforting weight of Pennell's Webley .45 automatic in his hand. If there *should* be trouble, if by some crazy freak any part of Pennell's story was straight, he knew how to use a Webley, and he would! But how could the story be true? Giant boa constrictors simply could not follow a man on a sea voyage! It couldn't happen . . .

So thinking, Kent Morgan waited, as the hours crept by and Pennell gradually fell asleep, on the bed. In time, his head, too, fell forward.

For a while, his sleep was partially disturbed by the feeling that somewhere nearby, a cold breeze was blowing. But he did not wake fully —until he heard Mark Pennell's scream! It sounded as Ventura's had, full of the agony of body and spirit, gasping, choking, terrified —a human in tormented crisis!

Wide-awake in an instant, Morgan sprang bolt upright, the Webley clutched in his hand!

Before him, he saw Pennell struggling on the bed with a giant, writhing, spotted form! It was a monstrous constrictor, drawing its tremendous, iron-hard coils about the explorer's bronzed form, squeezing tighter and tighter. Not daring to breathe, Morgan aimed the automatic from the hip and fired. Once! Twice! His bullets struck home, smashing the huge snake in its head, splintering and ripping it apart!

Then it was that the older man heard a strange, clicking sound behind him! Whirling, he saw that one of the window panes was broken open. That was where the cold wind had been coming from! And, hopping out through the opening, was a little creature, carved from black rock, with glittering, jeweled eyes, and the coiled form of a snake! Beside the moving idol were the wraithlike, swiftly crawling forms of two more huge constrictors! With unbelievable speed, they vanished through the open pane—and disappeared!

WRENCHING a muttered curse from his lips, Morgan sprang to the window and flung it open. Gripping the Webley, he leaned out. But there was nothing to be seen—just a dank, dripping, early-dawn city street! Across the window sill were several dark smudges—smudges that might have been made by crawling creatures, or by a careless housemaid's cleaning rag.

Breathing heavily, shaken to his very foundations, Morgan turned back to the room. There he saw Pennell, lying motionless, with the dead constrictor wrapped about him! The man too was slain, his neck broken by the jungle snake's dying agony! And somewhere out in that cold sunrise was Raka, ruler of the boa constrictors—released, and on his way home . . .

THE END

WHITE BIRDS of DEATH!

WE'LL GET YOU, MATT, LIKE WE DID LAST TIME!

IT'S MATT AND FOUR RED STRIPERS BREAKING AGAIN. THEY'VE KILLED OLD JOE.

BLAM

ON JULY 25TH 1942, MATT TUPPER, AND FOUR EQUALLY DANGEROUS CRIMINALS, MARKED BY THEIR RED STRIPES, MADE A SUCCESSFUL BREAK FROM A FLORIDA CHAIN GANG AND ESCAPED THROUGH A NEARBY SWAMP. ON THAT DAY THE SHOTGUN GANG THAT TERRORIZED FLORIDA FOR A YEAR WAS BORN.

LATER THAT EVENING ON AN ISOLATED FARM.....
FOOD! CLOTHES! PIGEONS TO EAT, AND A TRUCK! THIS IS A BREAK!
WE'RE WAITING UNTIL MORNING!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF WAITING? WE'RE STARVED! LET'S TAKE 'EM NOW!
I'M NOT GONNA BE SEEN! THERE'S A FISHFRY TOMORROW AND EVERY-BODY 'ROUND HERE'S GOING. I HEARD IT WHEN WE WERE HIDING BACK OF THAT FILLING STATION. WE'RE WAITING!

AND EARLY NEXT MORNING MATT'S CAREFUL PATIENCE WAS REWARDED.
COME ON, DAD, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE FISHFRY! I'VE ALREADY FED THE PIGEONS! WE'LL BE BACK IN TIME TO FLY THEM THIS EVENING!
COMING, SON! WE'RE IN PLENTY OF TIME. IT'S ONLY TEN MILES TO THE LAKE!

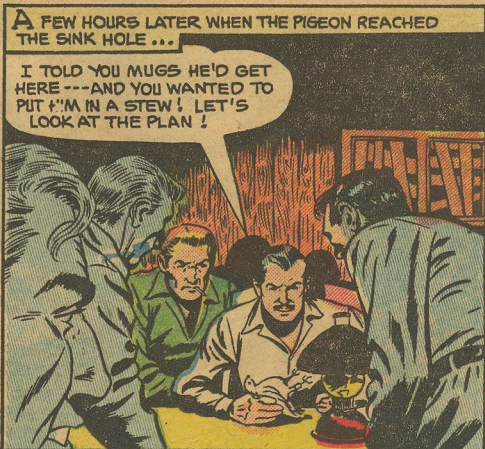
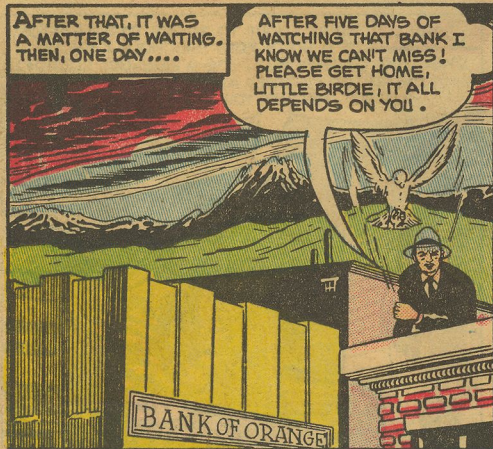
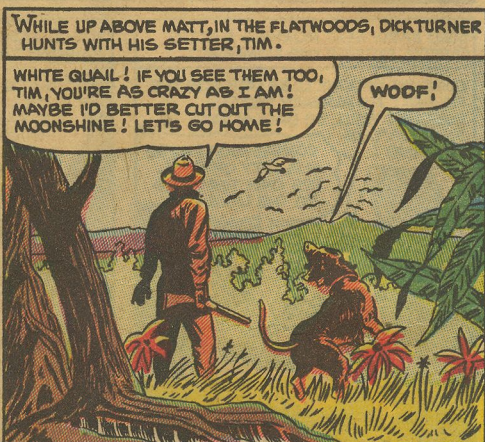
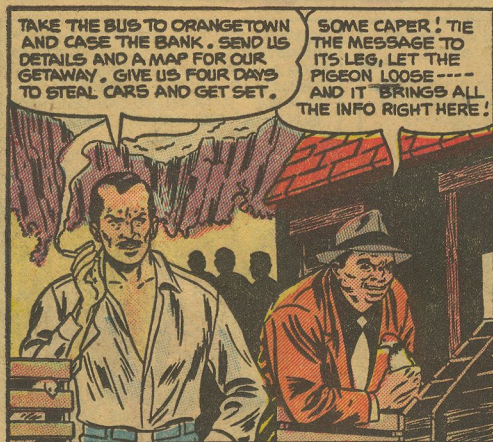
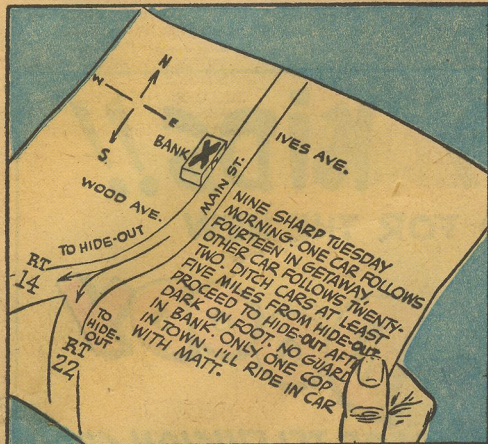
THIS IS A CINCH! ALL DAY TO PLUNDER THIS JOINT!
THAT'S WHY I WAITED. LOOK AT THAT FOOD ON THE TABLE! HAH--! THEY LOCK THE DOOR AND LEAVE AN OPEN WINDOW!

JUST MY LUCK! WHENEVER I PINCH A SUIT IT BELONGS TO A BIG GUY!
I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND. IF THAT KID HAS HOMING PIGEONS YOUNG ENOUGH TO TRAIN, WE CAN USE THEM FOR SOMETHING BESIDES EATING!

WHERE WE'RE GOING THERE AIN'T NO TELEPHONE. AND THESE SQUABS CAN BE TAUGHT TO CARRY MES-SAGES! NOW TO GET THE TRUCK LOADED!

SOON...
WE'RE ABOUT TO RETIRE TO THE BOTTOM OF A SIXTY FOOT SINK HOLE I KNOW NEAR LAKE OKEECHOBEE. IT'S A HIDE-OUT NOBODY'LL FIND AND THESE PIGEONS ARE GOING TO FEED US ---BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!

THREE MONTHS LATER MATT GREW A MUSTACHE AND THE GANG BUILT COMFORTABLE QUARTERS DOWN IN THE SINK HOLE. EVERY EVENING HE EXERCISED THE PIGEONS. EVERYTHING WAS FINE--EXCEPT--

N
W
E
S.
BANK
X
IVES AVE.
MAIN ST.
WOOD AVE.
TO HIDE-OUT
RT. 14
TO HIDE-OUT
RT. 22
NINE SHARP TUESDAY MORNING. ONE CAR FOLLOWS FOURTEEN IN GETAWAY. OTHER CAR FOLLOWS TWENTY-TWO. DITCH CARS AT LEAST FIVE MILES FROM HIDE-OUT. PROCEED TO HIDE-OUT AFTER DARK ON FOOT. NO GUARD IN BANK. ONLY ONE COP IN TOWN. I'LL RIDE IN CAR WITH MATT.

AT NINE O'CLOCK THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY THE SHOT-GUN GANG STARTED ITS WILD CAREER OF MURDER AND CRIME!
MATT'S ALREADY GOING IN!
TAKE IT EASY! THIS IS A CINCH! YOU WAIT AT THE WHEEL!
BANK OF ORANGE

WHAA-AT IS THIS?
CAN'T YOU GUESS, BUDDY? JUST KEEP YOUR MITTS IN THE AIR!
DEPOSIT SLIPS

GLAD WE BROUGHT A SHOTGUN IN EACH CAR! WE TAKE ROAD TWENTY-TWO!
STOP THEM! ARGH!
BAM!

HOURS LATER--
A CLEAN GETAWAY! HERE'S WHERE WE LEAVE THE CRATE. IT'S TWO HOURS WALK TO THE HIDE-OUT, BUT WE'LL NEVER BE SEEN THROUGH THE FLATWOODS!
THE OTHERS CAME IN THROUGH A SWAMP ON THE OTHER SIDE. THEY WON'T BE SEEN EITHER!

TALK ABOUT WORK. THIS IS WORSE THAN THE CHAIN-GANG!
AH, SHUDDAP! YER RICH NOW, AIN'TCHA?

FOUR THOUSAND BUCKS EACH-- AND I'LL BLAST THE FIRST MUG THAT MENTIONS FOOD AGAIN! WE'RE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TONIGHT!

HEY KIDS!!
SEND FOR THE NEW
HOWDY DOODY
COLOR TELEVISION SET
COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS OF COLOR FILM
only $1
SUPER SITE TELEVISION
CLARABELL
MR. BLUSTER
Now you can have hours of fun seeing and showing your own favorite Howdy Doody program to your friends and family. Each roll of film is different — here are the titles:
1. Howdy Doody Goes to the Zoo
2. Howdy Doody at the Circus
3. Howdy Doody at the Beach
4. Howdy Doody Goes to Alaska
5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Side Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends
FLUB-A-DUB
DILLY DALLY
MAIL TODAY
In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 104 different pictures of Howdy Doody and his friends! Don't wait! Mail the coupon immediately with only $1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian and foreign orders — send $1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.
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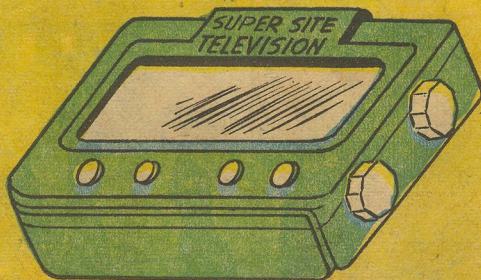
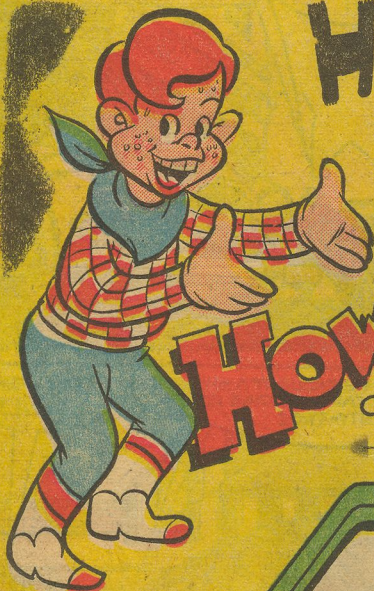
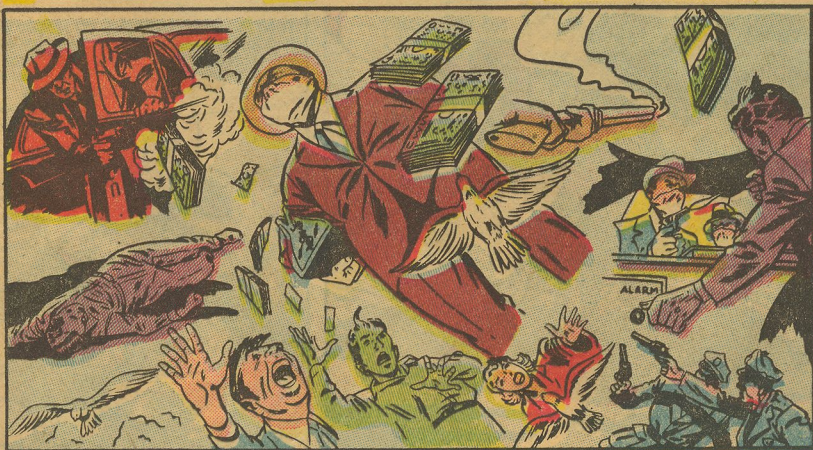
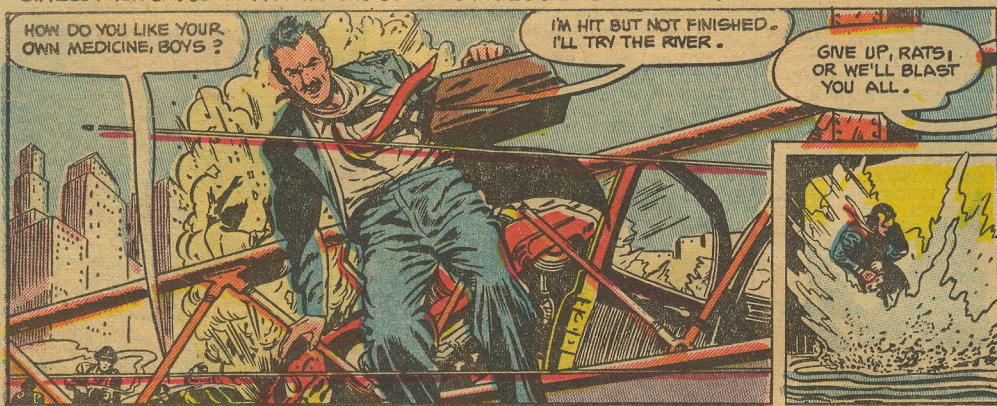
Here's my dollar. Send me the HOWDY DOODY Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return same for full refund.
Name
Address
City Zone State
Canadian & Foreign orders, $1.50 with coupon.

BUT TIM, THE KEEN-NOSED SETTER, OUT FOR AN EARLY MORNING HUNT WITH HIS MASTER, DICK TURNER, HAD DONE WHAT NOBODY ELSE COULD DO---FOUND WHERE THE WHITE BIRDS CAME FROM!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO NOSEY PEOPLE! LUG HIM A COUPLE OF MILES FROM HERE AND LEAVE HIM. FIRE HIS OWN GUN AND LEAVE IT BESIDE HIM. LET THAT DUMB DOG FOLLOW. IT WILL STAY WITH HIM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

AAA-WOOOO-OOOOO!

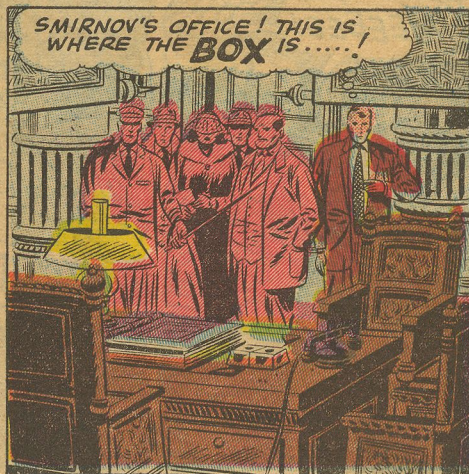
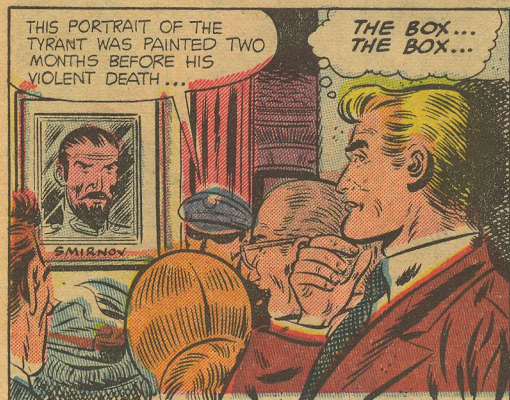
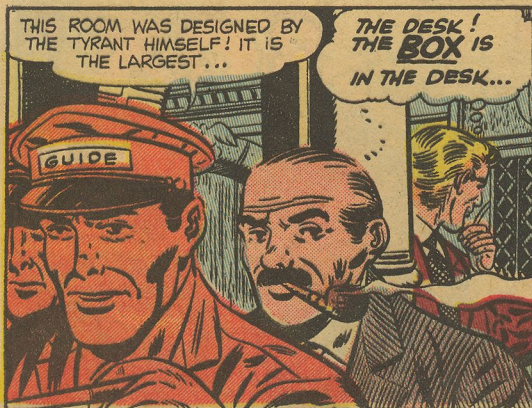
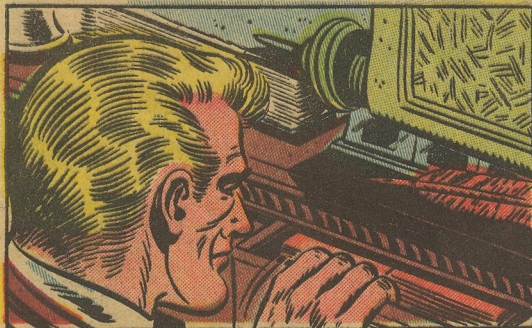
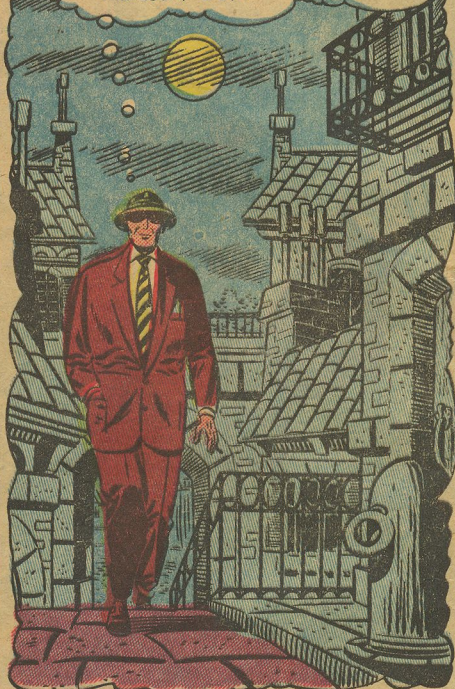
THE SHERIFF WAS HELPLESS TO STOP THE SIX-MONTHS' WAVE OF TERROR---- SEVEN MORE BANK OFFICIALS AND THREE OFFICERS OF THE LAW FELL BEFORE THE RUTHLESS BLASTING GUNS DURING FIVE MORE ROBBERIES!

WITH THE CRIME WAVE AT ITS HEIGHT, SHERIFF COLLIER GOT AN IDEA THAT THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE BIRDS MIGHT BE CARRIER PIGEONS. HALF A DOZEN PEOPLE HAD REPORTED SEEING A SINGLE WHITE BIRD FLYING HIGH A FEW DAYS BEFORE EACH BANK ROBBERY. THE ASTUTE SHERIFF MADE A TRIP TO THE EVERGLADES AND BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM CHARLIE HALWUK, A FAMOUS SEMINOLE INDIAN GUIDE. CHARLIE OWNED A PEREGRINE FALCON, ONE OF THE FASTEST FLYING BIRDS.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MATT TUPPER, WHO TOOK TO THE RIVER WITH BUCKSHOT IN HIS SHOULDER, IT WAS ON THE CYPRESS RIVER BRIDGE THAT ALL THE SHOTGUN GANG WERE KILLED OR CAPTURED!

BUT FATE HAD A TRICK UP HER SLEEVE FOR MURDEROUS MATT TUPPER. WOUNDED AND TOO EXHAUSTED TO REACH THE NEARBY HAVEN OF THE SINK HOLE, HE SOUGHT SHELTER IN THE CABIN THAT WAS THE HOME OF DICK TURNER--- THE INNOCENT HUNTER WHO MATT HAD ORDERED MURDERED!

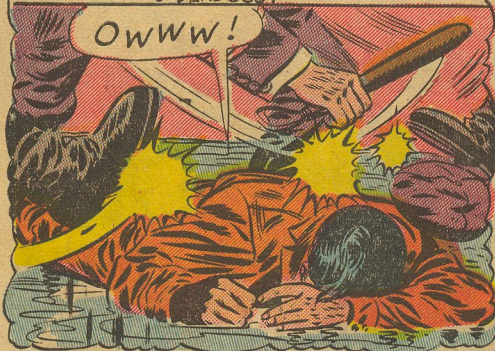
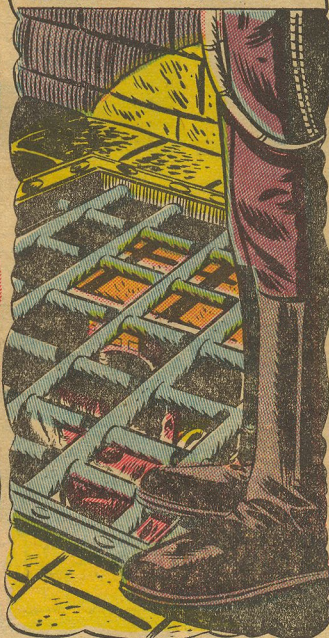
JUSTICE WAS SWIFT AFTER THAT! FOUR MONTHS LATER, ONE OF THE WHITE BIRDS THAT MADE MATT HALF A MILLION HAD SENT HIM TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

THE SECRET OF THE BOX!

JOE SHUSTER and RAY OSRIN

THEY HAD BEEN TRUDGING FOR HOURS NOW, THROUGH THE ENORMOUS PALACE. AND OF ALL THE TOURISTS, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE NOT PREOCCUPIED WITH ACHING FEET AND SMARTING EYES...

AS THE GUIDE DRONED ON, POINTING TO ALL THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES BLATANTLY EXPRESSIVE OF THE DEAD TYRANT'S LUST FOR POWER, MIKE PRESTON FOUND HIMSELF REMEMBERING THAT DAY TWO YEARS AGO...

BUT EVEN AS HE WALKED, HIS JOY WAS TAINTED BY THE SCENES OF TERROR THAT WERE DAILY OCCURRENCES IN THE STREETS OF THE LAND THAT SMIRNOV RULED! THE MASS ARRESTS...

BY THE TIME HE ARRIVED, HE WAS QUIVERING WITH HATRED FOR THE MAN HE WAS ABOUT TO INTERVIEW. THE GUARDS CHECKED HIM CAREFULLY FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS...

FROM THE DRAWER --- SMIRNOV LIFTED A BOX...

"...AND RECEIVED BLOWS FROM THE POLICE AS PAYMENT FOR THE WAY MY HEART BLED FOR THE UNDERDOGS!"
OWWW!
"BUT I PERSISTED---AND WAS ARRESTED AND SENT TO A LABOR CAMP..."
WATCH THAT ONE---HE'S A TROUBLE MAKER AND HAS A SILVER TONGUE!
"EVEN THERE, MY COMPASSIONATE HEART KEPT STIRRING WITHIN ME! EVERY NIGHT, I HARRANGUED MY FELLOW PRISONERS..."
THE DAYS OF THE TYRANTS ARE NUMBERED! THE DAY OF OUR LIBERATION IS AT HAND!
"BUT I WAS WRONG! THE COMMANDANT LEARNED THROUGH AN INFORMANT THAT I WAS STILL AGITATING---AND AFTER A SESSION ON THE RACK..."
"...HE HAD ME FLUNG INTO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!"
"BUT THEN THE OLD KING DIED--AND THE NEW KING DECLARED GENERAL AMNESTY FOR ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. I WAS RELEASED. I WENT TO A SMALL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE WHERE I SPENT TIME REVIEWING MY LIFE..."
ALWAYS THINKING, THAT ONE!
HIS EYES BURN STRANGELY. JUST WATCHING HIM TURNS ME COLD WITH FEAR!

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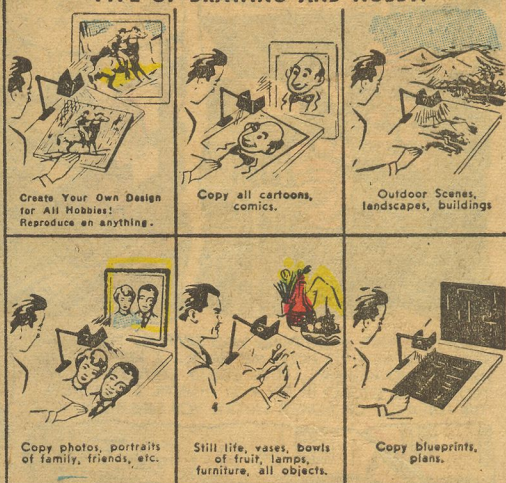
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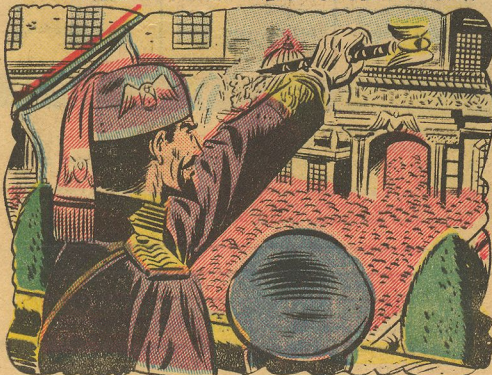
"WHEN PAVLOV HEARD OF MY PLAN, HE RECOILED IN HORROR..."

YOU ARE MAD! I-I WON'T DO IT!

IF I CANNOT APPEAL TO YOUR REASON, DEAR FRIEND, I SHALL HAVE TO RESORT TO FORCE!

"TREMBLINGLY, PAVLOV DID MY BIDDING! IT WAS PAINFUL, BUT THROUGH SHEER WILL I REMAINED CONSCIOUS THROUGHOUT..."

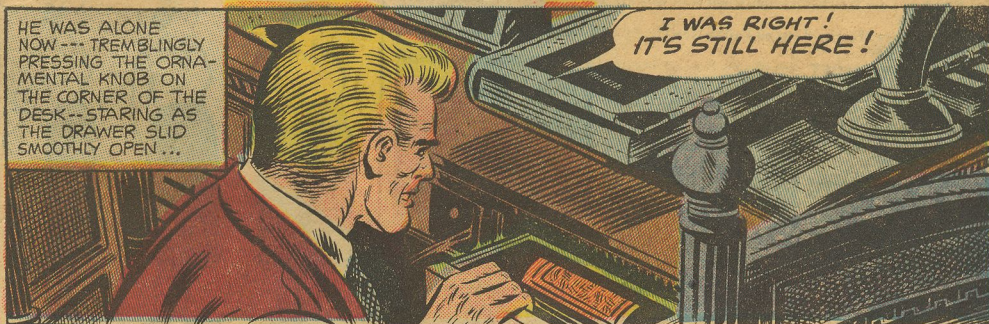
"AFTER THAT, EVERYTHING WAS SIMPLE. THERE WAS NOTHING INSIDE TO HOLD ME BACK...I KEPT RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER...RUTHLESSLY DISPOSING OF THOSE WHO STOOD IN MY WAY--UNTIL I REACHED THE PINNACLE OF POWER WHERE YOU SEE ME NOW.."

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT WAS THAT PAVLOV PLACED IN THE BOX...? TELL ME, AND I'LL KNOW WHAT MAKES DICTATORS TICK! THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST SCOOP OF THE CENTURY!

BUT SMIRNOV SEEMED TIRED NOW AFTER HIS LONG RECITAL. HIS FACE WAS COLD AS HE RANG FOR A GUARD... AND SUMMARILY BROUGHT THE INTERVIEW TO A CLOSE...

PRESTON HAD BEGGED FOR ANOTHER INTERVIEW, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS...TWO YEARS LATER, BACK IN AMERICA, HE HAD READ OF THE REVOLUTION AND SMIRNOV'S DEATH!
DAILY HERALD
SMIRNOV KILLED
CABINET CRISIS!

HE HAD SAILED AS SOON AS HE COULD GET A BOOKING ON A BOAT..
NONE OF THE REPORTS SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOX! IT MUST STILL BE IN THE SECRET DRAWER IN THE DESK! I'LL GET INTO THE PALACE AS A TOURIST! I'LL OPEN IT...AND LEARN SMIRNOV'S SECRET!

A MOMENT BEFORE THE GUIDE LED THE TIRED TOURISTS OUT OF THE OFFICE, PRESTON SLIPPED BEHIND A HEAVY DRAPE...
AND HERE WE HAVE THE HALL LEADING TO THE TYRANT'S BEDCHAMBER!

HE WAS ALONE NOW---TREMBLINGLY PRESSING THE ORNAMENTAL KNOB ON THE CORNER OF THE DESK--STARING AS THE DRAWER SLID SMOOTHLY OPEN...
I WAS RIGHT! IT'S STILL HERE!

THE BOX WAS OPEN NOW--AND PRESTON WAS GASPING WITH HORROR! HE WANTED TO SLAM DOWN THE LID AND RUN SCREAMING OUT OF THE CASTLE--BUT HE STOOD THERE, ROOTED, STARING AT THE ELEMENT WITHIN SMIRNOV THAT HAD SIDETRACKED HIM FROM POWER...THE ELEMENT THAT HIS FRIEND HAD REMOVED SO HE COULD BECOME THE WORLD'S CRUELEST TYRANT...

...SMIRNOV'S HEART!!!
THE END